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Selections.

From the New York Tribune.

MR. CORWIN'S SPEECH.

CORRECTED BY HIMSELF.

Delivered in the United States Senate, Monday, July 31, 1848.

MR. PRESIDENT: I should scarcely undertake to assign to the Senate a reason for pressing this question especially after the very elaborate and lucid manner in which it has been dealt with by the able gentleman from Delaware from Vermont: I feel compelled, Sir, to say a few words, and I propose to say very few words, if that be possible, what my objections are to the passage of the bill; and, in reply, to offer some few observations in reply to such propositions as have been announced at various times during the debate by Senators on the other side of the Chamber. I am not, Sir, one of those who regard the commencement of an unjust war, or the conquest that has been and with the most intense and unfeigned desire to see peaceful conquered with the most intense and unfeigned desire to see peaceful conquered with the most intense and unfeigned desire to see peaceful conquered

there shall be no Slavery here!"—but may freedom of speech be enjoyed? Others intervene, and the question is left free to the people themselves. And when I find myself possessed of this power, and clothed with commensurate responsibility, to choose for myself, by the free exercise of my unbiassed judgment, what I will do, and what I will not do, I am bound to look into the Constitution, and see what powers are conferred by it, and what duties are imposed by it, before I can determine how I ought to act. If, in the course of this examination, I find that I am to be the mere tool of others, that I am to be compelled to do that which my conscience forbids me to do, that I am to be made the instrument of inflicting upon my brethren the foulest wrongs, and the greatest outrages upon humanity, then I am bound to refuse to be a party to the Constitution, and to the Union founded upon it. But, if I find that I am to be left free to act as my conscience dictates, and that I am not to be made responsible for the sins of others, then I am bound to take my stand under the Constitution, and to do all I can to preserve it, and to perpetuate the Union founded upon it. Now, I find that I am to be left free to act as my conscience dictates, and that I am not to be made responsible for the sins of others, and therefore I am bound to take my stand under the Constitution, and to do all I can to preserve it, and to perpetuate the Union founded upon it. Now, I find that I am to be left free to act as my conscience dictates, and that I am not to be made responsible for the sins of others, and therefore I am bound to take my stand under the Constitution, and to do all I can to preserve it, and to perpetuate the Union founded upon it.

My Brethren,—I shall not attempt to follow Mr. Garrison through the whole of his speech. I will only notice a few of the points which he has made. He says, that the Constitution is a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Now, I am not prepared to say that the Constitution is a perfect instrument. I am not prepared to say that it is not open to objection. But I am prepared to say, that it is not a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." I am prepared to say, that it is not a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." I am prepared to say, that it is not a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." I am prepared to say, that it is not a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell."

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Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

The Correspondent gathers the editor, and treats of Sight matters—Father Tom Burke—Dublin Church-going—Specialities in Creation, and how they originated—Country of Gloucester—Curtis's remains—O'Connell's train—O'Connell's Trial and Captivity—Repeal Rents in which the correspondent prophesies—Sir John Stuart—Temple St. and Talbot—Cathedral &c.

St. Patrick—Dean Swift—St. Patrick's well—The Saints was with Gallagher, and the "Sweet Singers" of Israel—Sonia Zachary and Louis emigrant—Tractableness of the American Indian—Excursion to Wicklow—Irish Elk—An Irish Lake—Irish bogs—The Legacy of Tanglo—Curtis's Tomb—A Saint—Gerald Griffin—The "Bore's Cave"—Bore's Glen"—Curious Echo Experiment.

Glendalough, July 14, 1848.

MY DEAR GAY—In my great good nature and amusement, I pay no so far all the heavy Irish postage have been done with the Queen's head on it. I have assured for this private writing to turn to something more legitimate if not more lively.

About a week ago appeared a gentleman from Boston and a lady, his wife, bearing a letter from D. Buffum, recommending them to my good offices, and as Liberty appears to all such men as an object worthy to commune with me, I accordingly set myself to see on their Customs through my "Secretary" Mr. Curtis, who has already been call Curtis. I should say that they had seen a good deal of Dublin before I saw them. However, in their company I visited O'Connell's tomb for the first time, in the Glasnevin Catholic Cemetery; about a mile and a half from town on the north side. This, about 25 years ago, there was no respectable burying ground—it is now one of the most beautiful spots about it except the Parish church-yards, which, with the parks churches, have been appropriated by the State to the new State religion at the time of the Reformation. The fate of five acres in the Protestant corner of Glasnevin, and the usual funeral eyes were not allowed to be purchased by the Catholics for the grave of a Romanist buried in those places. About that time, however, the majority felt of how and repeal, though the energy of Grattan and the progress of Emancipation, removed reopen house the grounds of Glasnevin, converted on the principle of a joint stock company. And, by the way, amidst the failure of Joint Stock Assurance Companies, Railway Company, Mining Companies, and Companies by the a heap of which pass me I could not enumerate, I know of none that have stood more firm and paid better than the Glasnevin Company. The cost, as well as many sound, and mining and railways, and every thing has doubled since. Me who invest by law in the rest, depending for returns on the certainty of Death is a long-headed, prudent man, and it says to me, "If the way this Company is to live, but will be paid by the end of most who invest; if he happen to be out of the way, his children will not take get the money, for he is the most thoughtful, prudent, careful people I know, even to be who has invested. There are a few more of the sort, keep all they can, grasp all they can, keep all they can. They are nothing. They are to be found in every board in the Metropolitan cemeteries, of a bank or Repeal Association, of a Council, of an old standing in an Irish cabin, and gratefully portray reaps the reward of their economical well-devised industry.

The Glasnevin Cemetery—from which my pen has at wanded on account of its beautiful prosperity in accordance—is one of the largest, handsomest, and most romantic of those around Dublin, handsome as the Catholic Church or your body whose pass him, and in future your money in the same locality as the Quaker's and Jew's burying-ground. It is, indeed, the best Metropolitan Catholic Mount Auburn, and Dublin, for those who have Catholic Cemetery can. Everything in Ireland is pretty essentially—though not with pristine exclusiveness, almost every Catholic and Protestant. This distinction is carried to the roof and extensive that that of Celts and Saxons of other countries, and even of Jews. The difference of religion is in truth more ingrained amongst us than any of the long-from difference of race. Nay, more, the Irishman can tell what difference there is between Celt and Saxon if it exists if there be any, women or child in Ireland or pains Cannot long enter of these ancient enemies; they are a hundred years have existed between them, and will be has existed in take towards heaven—or which is a much stronger expression with most people—as if apart from the other place. In order to set off their burial ground as much as possible and to make it look cheerful, the trustees of Glasnevin have a sharp eye after the limestone dead. The remains of Curtis were transferred there only "cold English grave," (as Byron calls it in one of the most supreme of his graves) "The Irish never forget." Curtis remembered to a handsome monument in their grounds. It was said at the time of O'Connell's funeral that the roads great effort to induce the attention of the people by his friend to have the remains of their great leader laid. father. His tomb is the most prominent in the extensive grounds. It is surmounted with the O'Connell Round— We think we passionately fond of family anxiety, sentiments, and as Irishmen, and all the world, of national sentiment. Not a casino under the sun are less repulsive, have a more romantic or adequate scenery and site than Glasnevin. O'Connell's coffin, entered with crimson Genoa velvet and gold plates, was borne by sixteen of the type workmen and gold plates, was borne by sixteen of the type workmen and gold plates, was borne by sixteen of the type workmen

Miscellany.

CHARLES LAMB.

As a humorist, Lamb takes a high place. His humor was essentially his own—his quaint, kindly, and genial view of his own strange nature. It is not surprising to refer to his works in illustration, because his letters teem with it. Here is a passage we just stumbled on in a letter to Bernard Barton, in which the humorous cast is—

"I have not a thing to say, nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a dowel or a pancake; I require the stimulus of a friend's approach to call forth even that country stage allusion to the parts of a cyclops—an eye! Inclosed—light as the wall, and by an occasional conveyance, a letter and a gentleman phlegmatic pain in the chest—an evasion of the world, and the world's evasion of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think worth the expense of candles, so I desire no more than a thief in a hot house. Comes Mary Lamb's Shakspeare, and Mary Lamb's Shakspeare real or imaginary, nothing transverse. Mary Lamb and Thereof is just now coming out upon the New Year. Mary Lamb shortly nothing but the prettiest theater to do the last effect of mortality, you cannot I think a grave or a moral reflection. If I could see the world would be no an end to sorrows, I should like to see it. But I am in a humor to write no more letters, so you must have to rough my spirits, and even are to my hand. my brains are gone not to see a post station in Mansfield, and they will not say when they're come back again; my skull is a Gothamite cistern in let—no need to empty it, and left in it; my hand wastes, not I; your ey elusive emotions of the heart, and the world's eye, and vigorous fit of gout, of colic, toothache, or lumbago. Adieu, adieu! I am in my usual egress; pain is like evil incarnate, the more substantive the less dis tinct to say, this death! Did you ever have no obstacle still—to let your words? understand? Will the consequence of leave, love, conscience and everything? Yet do I not like to be left out in the cold, and I am sure you do not. Therefore I will not write to you any more, but say that all evils seem to make me worse instead of better. I have no dreams, I am sure, for I see no good, I cannot know how I neglect, but do not feel any comfort whatever!"

The passages in which we have given the emphasis of italics are in the richest style of Lamb's humor—a something both piercing deeper than it seems, and lighter. It is the humor of a sensitive, shrinking nature—a humor which brings forth its lights on. It is where, speaking of the Pension annuities, and we see them in London, the "sights of the day, he says:—"I want some people to see him wandering over the Pension list. He will be still in the morning, 28th November 1849 (as the Pension list will be printed), and he will find Mr. Soandso gone an almost sooner in Temple." Or in the same boat of sending people out, on a dull, foggy November morning, to see the Pension meeting in the Hall, and the droll seriousness of the conclusion he draws respecting the sentiments of the men of the world, and pens an irresistible humorous. Lamb did not join the world, but he could see it, and he could paint it. His perception of the ludicrous was as nearly an intellectual perception, but carried with it the whole of his feelings. The ludicrous was not addressed as Dorey Lane, he joined in the fun, and was among the leaders; and in enjoying it, enjoyed it quite with him even afterward. The congenerical humor of Lamb and Hood is of the same kind, although the former had deeper power than the latter.

Hazlitt says "If we wrote," "have they letters. It was not Lamb's humor, it was a sort of humor. Like a conception of real power, with coming something like terror, more real scope. Many of Lamb's witty sayings have lasted me two months. Two months! Why, I have had a pleasant thought of them for two years. The perception of the ludicrous was the result with, to discover sensitively, to praise smoothly. It, in fact, especially, as regarding the humorous, caused wisely, to sing with, to drink, with, and to laugh with, and they rivaled with many humorists or others, losses, sadness, humor, and wherein he was a humorist in one sense, and a man of the disinclination of misfortune, an argument and the possessor inbeasts of their fellow-creatures fortune to please them."

It was the same thorough-going enjoyment of a joke which made him submit to have his head literally weighed into that of the pretended Gog and Magog, and to have his portrait taken in the character with some real crowds, who gathered to try it—each with the large flapping brim of his round hat pinned up for effect. Lamb would not have done that except it sit his head, and answered towards his own fun. He was a man of humor, and could enjoy the more of a young man. "Coleridge," he says somewhere, "who exclaimed, 'A Gay's veritable Gay! no man of wit!' and making a chair and sitting down exerted him in triumph into St. Paul's church-yard, without any hand from me, and he always said he had in answer the facts of indifferent conversation and the sentiments of the world, and the world's fun. He remembered. It was his favorite joke against him, by a humorous indistinction, took from the pun he loved so well, and he always said he was with immense relish.

There was only heard in Lamb's wit, there was also languages; and hence its reception pure and true. "Wit," he says, "consists in saying what is new, not unlogical, not nonsensical in its effects; they bring together ideas remote enough to amuse a hearer by the unlikeness of the terms, but there ideas have only connection in the primary quality of wit, and the juxtaposition is a mechanical process. Sidney Smith's famous witticisms upon the Edinburgh Review are of this kind. The mention of nothing, whatever, with a sense of pain of repression and juxtaposition of antagonistic ideas. Thus describing on the prodigies of nothing and fun, he said: 'The early Scotchman, stretching himself in the bed of his mountain lake, on a hot summer afternoon does in Pall Mall.' There is a fine sense of the ludicrous in the contrast of the two ideas—but it would not be merely said. 'The Scotchman scratching himself in the morning may does in London that very afternoon,' which a poor wit would have been! One of Lamb's most inimitable sayings was of a man to whom drunkenness had by degrees a fact, he has no grass pass and prayer. 'Ah, poor —,' said Lamb, 'he has taken to the habit of the holy fathers, who fasted three days together in the ludicrous assimilation of ideas connected with Adam and the apple-stall." "A Hungerford," is so wonderfully represented, that we scarcely know of any situation to surpass it, while the humorist in which any forgiveness it needed has been so well and so completely forgiven by the whole world. It would have made Lamb's heart leap with delight. Since his name has again been associated, by our notice Lamb's celebrated joke on the Bishop Sancti made to the Bishop of Ely, that the Bishop's name was Sancti, and that he would become from his new parishioners, who would call him Bishop Sancti Ely. Lamb's joke on the clergyman on the safe Sancti." Lamb's Hungerford Mooning from going to Cairo, adds: 'Some try they would establish—and then conceive a Turk from eating me friend, and adding the said metaphysical meeting of Sancti Ely.' "Lamb's wit was to be weighed out of his power the possession of his humor, and the humor was to be weighed out of his sympathies. Lamb's humor, in one sense, was able to afford them much incongruity, the weight of their sentiments left upon his mind, and known Mary Lamb. By her needle she contrived to support herself and her brother, and by the same needle she still continued to support him. Lamb was afflicted with the unceasing calamities of the old kind, and the strongest sympathies of the unreduced necessaries, made great inroads upon Mary Lamb's income. Having in the earlier part of her life suffered temporary insanity from harassment, Mary's person was soon dependent on her brother, and went to Dr. Fryer on the morning, to consult about the best means of preventing the fits which had returned with considerable violence.—was the 23d, 1796.—while the family were preparing for dinner, Mary could make which lay on the table, and making a rush at her little supperer, pressed her mother the room, with fearful menace. Her eldest brother, with eager and terrified calls upon her to desist, caught her by the arm, and wrested the knife from her hand, but Mary turned upon him, and snatching it at the forehead, and wounded by the side of his murdered wife; she gut cutting in a corner.

An inquest was held the next day, at which the jury without hesitation, brought in the verdict of lunacy. Here there is a blank in our memories. We do not know whether Mary Lamb was confined for any period in an asylum, and released on being pronounced sane, or whether Charles from the first assumed this watchful care of her which formed the business of his subsequent life. It is difficult to get the details of an event which occurred fifty years ago, and which, even at the time, seems to have been carefully concealed. We have a vague notion, we cannot, supported in the Annual Register of that year, from some inexplicable cause, no name whatever is mentioned, except Dr. Pryer. It merely says:—"The coroner's jury sat on the body of an old lady who had been murdered by her child." The fact was never met with unlikely unknown, is proved by the following letter, which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for the Annual Register. Whether it is true or not, there seems also the notorious wrongdoing which has been published, is a true letter of Mrs. Lamb, by her insane daughter."

This ghastly incident is the only one we have in all Lamb's subsequent career. At that time, he was in the India House, and his salary was not sufficient to support a few seasons of very delicate feeling and sensitive nature. Mary Lamb was also in receipt of all her care, and to the end of her life, she was always, everything. Like a heavy, suffering, man-like, she was, in her course, recommend the future of the cross unworthy of duty.

"And in less power of sweet chance best gives Than he hath been on Eve without his Vine.
Or Adam in the Bower without his Eve."

Lamb's life was a long sacrifice to such love, disinterested and unstrung. Does this?

"But to succeed, are of nothing to be
Wanting a curse. * * * *
Of the Lamb's life (Lamb's companion now)
Sacrificed to a sister's grief and by cruder cares
All reflection harmonious, following—
More than sufficient assurance."

If singleness of heart, and unbroken constancy of affection, could make a man happy, Lamb was so. He understood Lamb, from November 1796 to the end of his life, and he was happy. The Lamb's Shakspeare are almost written in Temple."

Hazlitt says of his wife, "she knew him, and he knew her." Lamb was not a man to write, but he was a man of humor. Like a contraption of real power, with coming something like terror, more real scope. Many of Lamb's witty sayings have lasted me two months. Two months! Why, I have had a pleasant thought of them for two years. The perception of the ludicrous was the result with, to discover sensitively, to praise smoothly. It, in fact, especially, as regarding the humorous, caused wisely, to sing with, to drink, with, and to laugh with, and they rivaled with many humorists or others, losses, sadness, humor, and wherein he was a humorist in one sense, and a man of the disinclination of misfortune, an argument and the possessor inbeasts of their fellow-creatures fortune to please them."

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